Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SNEAK.

On the Death of a talented Young Friend.

"GREAT GOD! how could thy vengeance light
So heavy on one child?
How could the hand that gave such charms,
Rain them again?"

Bailey, who lead I receive the lays
Which flow from friendship, most sincere
It round the globe, thy spell stays,
Of latent fire which that once bore dear.

The muse who knew thy gifted powers—
Who oft admir'd thy burning verse—
Shall sorrow o'er thy early flowers,
And all thy matchless worth rehearse.

When night has clos'd the silent scene,
When flow'rs give out their sweet perfumes,
When dew wet grass I'll attend
Some friendly hand a tomb will raise,
And genius rear the sculptur'd stone,
Which shall record thy purity and praise,
And tell how bright thy virtues shone.

The youths, whose generous bosoms swell
With rapture, at thy rising fame,
Shall all thy manly graces tell,
And hand it down from name to name.

For thee, on each returning year,
Beauty will heave the tis det sigh;
For thee shall drop the bitter tear,
And all her native numbers try.

Around you kind paternal dome,
Where all thy childish graces stray'd,
Methinks there hangs a solemn gloom,
Which shrouds the distant glade.

Like Virtue's image, sent on earth,
Thou ehamm'd'st awhile our wondering eyes,
Then soar'd to the eternal sphere
Of Virtue and to happier skies!

If Virtue can a crown receive,
Which fades not with the dying head!
No longer, then, let friendship grieve,
Since thou, from woe to bliss art fled.

Why did'st thou descend to mortal birth?
Form such a faultless piece of clay?
Why was the transient blessing given,
Thus to be torn so soon away?

S. A. S.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

ROSALIE VANE.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

By young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
BYRON.

Nor the most beautiful, but by far the loveliest girl, I ever met with, was Rosalie Vane. The child of very handsome parents she could not well be otherwise than resembling them in this particular—and when I say that she resembled either father or mother, few of her sex were in appearance so sweet and engaging. Her's was not that faultless regularity of features, models—the glow and grandeur of Circassian perfection; neither had she the proud, queenly air of Psyche, nor the picturesque and passionate expression of Spanish beauty: her aspect rather realized our ideas—and I dare say those of many—of Psyche, the young, the pure, the lovely. With a profusion of ringlets of jet black hair, a complexion as clear and fresh as the lilies and roses of the fabled Aurora, the chief and distinguishing charm of this fair creature was the ever varying emanation that seemed to breathe from her whole form and features—that feeling of which I have the authority of Scripture for believing, to be the essence of the Deity himself. There was *Love* in the dark and lustrous eyes—*Love* in the deep-blue eyes—lore in her soft dimples, and the wreathed smiles and sweet pouting of her ruby lips—love, in the low, liquid tones of her melting voice: in a word, she looked and moved a personification of love—the very genius, or harvest and as charming as the Verousse Juliet. Her person was below the middle height—but expansively rounded, and with a natural grace, in the fulness and voluptuous swell, so prized in the beauties of the East.

Nor was it outward loveliness alone, that adorned this sweet being: for she was as good as fair, as artless as intelligent, as full of simplicity as of accomplishment and grace. In manner, gay, and yet gentle, modest, and yet playful, her intellectual gifts and attainments were like herself, sensible, feminine, and elegant. Soft as a seraph, in the order of angels her name should be longed, dependents, school-fellows and acquaintances alike admired her social and gracious incapability of a violent or unkind emotion; and when, in the bloom of girl-hood, she returned, after a long absence, to the home of her nativity, at which her education was completed, to her natal halls,—it was to be welcomed by high and low—at least by all with such a jubilee, as after a Greenland winter, might hail the reappearance of the natural luminary—the sun—shine, did Rosalie Vane continue, through life, to diffuse around the domestic hearth, and the haunts of social glee.

And fortune had been as kind to Miss Vane as nature. She was the only heiress, not merely of immense wealth—but of the moral nobility attached to a name, on which attended universal respect and esteem. Col. Vane was one of the most gallant and polished gentleman—the Chesterfield of America—was a patrician *par excellence*, and a soldier of Washington's school, not in virtue of official—for of that he stood in no need—but of private and personal dignity. As opulent as the ownership of one-half of the City, and a good third of its principal Bank, could make him, such a man was ever ready to lend the sterling weight of character—and had moreover drawn a large share in the public banks of his territories: to wit, the hymeneal. The lady, wooed and won by a cavalier so highly gifted, and at that time in the prime of manhood, was a daughter of his native State of New York, had much beauty, a most amiable disposition, and a large inheritance to expectancy from her father. The joint plan, the friend of the destitute; she was reverenced as a public benefactress, having founded several charities to sanctify and perpetuate her name. Their union, so fertile in all the elements of happiness, had been long and prosperous—as the merit of the parties deserved—and was further cemented by the birth of one child, their darling Ann-Rosalie.

During the infancy and childhood of her daughter, Mrs. Vane had resided in Philadelphia—the fashionable circles—and upheld the honours of her state and station, with a success that more than justified the partiality of her doting husband. He, himself, one of the few Americans who could add to his wealth without pecuniary exertion—had emolument, as that most enviable of characters, a private gentleman,—was of the most refined and hospitable taste: his palace had long been of his high style of living, drew around him all that was courtly, distinguished and influential in the luminous assemblage of metropolitan life. Possessor of a great indirect political influence, he was courted by those in power, and consulted as oracle to none. Proud, high-minded, and feeling that it was his due to lead, not follow, he was in situation, bearing, and character, the Earl Grey of our Republic: of course, I refer to that nobleman from his total dissimilarity.

Thus holding himself free from the trammels of party or party, General Vane occupied his time in the first of his vast property—and the enjoyment of social and domestic bliss, such as rarely blesses our lot. He was the friend and representatives at the Federal City, stationary and transient, praised and frequented his house, as superior to all the hotels: and as for the desirous of mixing with the *elite* of ton, had to bring letters to the President—and to be seen at Vane House—to exchange a word or bow, in public, with either of the distinguished couple—were privileges of which numbers were vehemently ambitious, though mostly "doomed to disappointment dire." And if such was the state of things *before* the advent of the lovely heiress, it may be supposed that the force of attraction did not lessen *afterwards*. The elegant owners of Mansion Square, as their town residence was called, had always studied a nice selection of visitors; and now the difficulty of admittance to them, was increased ten-fold. Parents introducing a beautiful daughter to the world, have been well likened to travellers bearing a precious charge through a country infested with numerous and fierce robbers; and without exactly proceeding upon that principle, Gen. Vane and his lady found themselves beset with those anxieties and apprehensions inseparable from the parental relation. Their sole and charming child was surrounded and solicited on all sides; society owned her as its highest acquisition—the fashionable *réunion* was held complete without her—no young equipage of ton was satisfied unless he could gain permission to dangle in her train. Lovers came not by scores, but in troops; and the fair Rosalie received the queen of a little court; where the suitors and imitators contended for the distinction of her notice. Thus circumstanced, it is beloved her natural position to be doubly *exclusive*—and so they were. A breath stains the surface of a crystal mirror: and the parents of my heroine, in their delicate sense of propriety, held the mere casual contact with many persons, generally circulating in society, to be contamination to a pure and polished young lady: so, soon none, save the highest and most irreproachable in the land, stood a chance of presentation to the sweet "sovereign of the hour."

Meanwhile Miss Vane's air, Miss Vane's dress, Miss Vane's attitudes were commented upon by all ambitious of an *extreme distinction*. The characteristic of this manner, was a fine simplicity, happily exemplified when she sat at the piano. Her head bent against on this attitude, which embellished King's Gallery for a short time, where this pervading tone of "plain grace," in every thing, gave the distinguished air as absolutely to enliven the canvass. I have gazed on it for hours, in mournful admiration and wonder, that it should record the portrait of so exquisite, should have been decreed to pass a way so soon, and vanish from existence. Insensibly, with these melancholy musings, would mingle the remembrance of my impressions when I first saw her in the glow and freshness of youth and hope: then life seemed opening its pathway before her, through but such, except with velvet, strewed with roses, and over arched with the garniture of splendour and love. Her sweet, confiding frankness of manner, the chastened vivacity of her graceful mirth—her father, too, following her every motion, with rapture in his eye—her mother's accents, soliloquizing into exulting tenderness, as the presented herself an old friend of the family—to her daughter, her Ann; the whole scene would appear plain and palpable before me. That group is indelibly impressed on my memory, as not only of the deepest interest, but forming a rare picture of human life—the most unique in personal endowments: the General, just in his prime, and a most handsome man—Mrs. Vane, her charms undiminished, not changed—and near her that, fair girl, in the first blush of youth, like Summer and Spring, standing side by side!

At the period of my introduction to her, Rosalie had just reached the zenith of felicity. She had gained the object of her most ardent wishes—but still the paternal sanction authorized none; and the daughter, as docile and guileless as a pet lamb—and her associations not yet at variance on this paramount point, appeared to commit the matter entirely to his wise care. At length, however, the happy man came; but, though he saw, he conquered not, at first. This was the son of a Scotchman of immense wealth, and great estate; to say nothing of his family, which was one of the oldest and most haughty of the Southern aristocracy. The personal gifts of the lover in question, equalled his worldly advantages; and he and Rosalie Vane, as few are capable of loving. She alone

"Heard, felt and seen,
Possessed the entire thought."

and his ardour eventually awakened in her gentle bosom, a sentiment as tender, if less warm. The General, who from the first, had framed the overtures of this candidate, knew the full value of the treasure in his hands, and as in proportion, cautious and chary of parting lightly with it. In truth, neither himself nor Mrs. Vane could bear the thought of losing, as yet, an idol thus early to another; but as they began to see how much the happiness of their child, parental fondness, as usual, sacrificed itself, and after a courtship of two years and better, presented her hand to the lover, with the consent of Rosalie Vane, to Arthur Morrison. These were conducted on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the wealth of the parties—and necessarily consumed much time and preparation.

The wedding day arrived; it was one which summer seemed to have adorned expressly for the occasion, and the splendid mansion in Square, glowing with paintings and carpets, and its thousand lights, dazzled in spot of beauty, to that of Shenstone, were to be thrown open after the ceremony, to a concourse of the fashionable world, to the privilege of intimacy entitled me to be present at the marriage-rite; and I had gone over, overcome by the sunshine in my heart, at the happy prospects of one, as perfect and as pleasing, as mere humanity can be. As I approached the house, though the wide walk of Vane House, gleaming from amid its screen of verdant vines, and "all ancestral trees"—its lawn, rich in the shimmering of sapphire and the superb grounds, with their perfumed bowers and parterres, were brightened by Thomas' sallowy waves, seemed to smile with a gayer beauty—to breathe a fresher and more delicious fragrance—

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Two hundred and forty members of the House of Commons signed a round robin, calling upon Lord Althorp to remain in office. The Duke of Wellington's name, round robin is applied to a document, the signatures to which are written so as to conceal the order in which the first signed.

A bill has passed the House of Commons for the abolition of imprisonment for debt for sums not amounting from imposition.

The Mason of Intelligence.—An Eastern was lately held at Bromley, Middlesex, on the body of Eliza Donovan, a child, three years old, who, having been bitten by a dog in a rabid state, died of hydrophobia. Some remedies were applied to the wounds by the parents and friends of the deceased, that though they had not the effect of preventing the fatal consequences, they may have had such control to effect a cure by rousing the dog into activity, and compelling the child to eat a portion of them.

It was stated at the anniversary meeting of the Lodge of Friends, Middlesex, on the 4th inst. that there had been made at Birmingham, in removing the superincumbent value of the services of gentlemen of the profession who had performed gratuitous operations, and it was found that one lady was made thirteen incisions and a half.

Engraving on Egg shells—Drawing dough you think proper with a pen, and using melted fat or grease as ink, and then immerse the shell in white vitriol or diluted sulphuric acid. Leave it for about three or four minutes, then take it out and wash it in fresh water. The acid acting on the exposed parts of the shell, the lines of the engraving will appear of a reddish brown color, and the shell will be found perforated with the fatty matter, which will then stand out in relief. The same process may be employed, although the shell is of a darker color.

Ohio contains 34,1200,000 acres; 1,400,000 square inches, which is less than a square inch to an Indian! Ohio has the most populous territory, however, there are 500 to the square mile, while in the most populous state there are but 200 miles from Pekin and about lat. 40, as stated, and frequently mountainous. The soil is also much diversified, in small road limit, and the every where in great numbers from starvation, rarely being a single person to the square mile. Very few Indians.

Dr. Cotton, the man who once walked 1,336 miles, in 1000 hours, started lately at Bowen's Grounds, Bagshot, to walk 1,000 miles in a mile, a mile, a mile,

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Reid, T. Bedford, publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 12, 1834.

ASHES
Pots 1 cwt 3 75
Pearls 3 75

BEEF
Prime, No. 1 7
No. 2 5
Cargo, No. 1 7
No. 2 5

BREADSTUFFS
Flour, Howard-st. 5 62½
Baltimore wharf 5 62½
Ground Wheat bl. 5 62½
Rye Flour 3 75
Corn Meal 3 50

BUCKWHEAT 2 50

BUTTER, Dairy, fine
Do. good
Do. ordinary

CANDLES
Mould, Adam. from
do. Dutch.
do. Patent, sat.
do. Sperm.

CHEESE
Skim milk
Common
Fine

CLOVER SEED, Dutch
Do. Penna.

COFFEE, Dairy, fine
No. 1
No. 2

COTTON, Dairy 30 to
Do. Penna.
Do. Va.
Do. Ala. and Tenn.
Do. Louisiana
Do. and Yz.
Do. Mobile
Do. Pernambuco, per lb.

DRUGS
Alum, cwt
Wheeling, or soda
Bi-CARBONATE SODA
Camphor, refined
Copperas
Cream Tartar
Epsom Salts
Indigo, Manilla
Do. Bengal
Madder, Dutch
Oil Vitriol
Opium
Rhubarb
Sal Ammoniac
Salts Tartar
Senna, East India
Shellac, fine orange
Do. garnet
Do. common
Soda Ash
Do. Sal
Do. Nitre
Do. Prussiate
Sugar of Lead, white
Do. brown
Verdigris, distilled
Do. Pennsylv.
Vitriol, blue
Barilla, Spanish
Do. Portugal
Do. Sicily
Bark, Peruvian, bale
Do. Quercitron

FEATHERS
Prime, Roseway Geese
Do. Southern
Do. Mixed

FISH
Mackerel, No. 1
Do. No. 2
Do. No. 3
Shad, No. 1
Do. No. 2
Herrings, No. 1
Do. No. 2
Salmon, No. 1
Do. No. 2

FLAXSEED
Rio Grande
Cuba
Brazil

FLOUR
Howard-st. bbl.
Baltimore wharf
Ground Wheat
Rye Flour
Corn Meal

GRAIN
Wheat, white
Do. red
Rye
Corn, white
Do. yellow
Oats

GRASS SEED
Timothy
Red Top
Herds

GUNPOWDER
Shot, Patent
Do. Common
Rifle
Blasting

HAY
Timothy, ton
Clover
Meadow

HEMP
Russia, clean
Do. outshot
Manilla
Sisal
American dressed
Do. undressed

HIDES
Buenos Ayres
Rio Grande
Cuba
Laguira
Orinoco
Carthagena
Mexican
Texas
Pernambuco
Calcutta, dressed
Do. undressed
Sole Leather, No. 1
Do. No. 2
Do. No. 3
Do. Rough
Upper Leather, No. 1
Do. No. 2
Do. No. 3
Do. Rough
Calf Skins, No. 1
Do. No. 2
Do. No. 3
Do. Rough
Morocco, No. 1
Do. No. 2
Do. No. 3
Do. Rough
Patent Leather
Kip Skins, No. 1
Do. No. 2
Do. No. 3
Do. Rough
Roan Skins, No. 1
Do. No. 2
Do. No. 3
Do. Rough
Dressed Leather
Bristles, Russia
Do. Hog, Am.
Do. Hog, Canada
Do. Hog, Southern
Do. Hog, Western
Do. Hog, Mixed
Do. Hog, Bristly
Do. Hog, Dressing
Do. Hog, Fine
Do. Hog, Coarse
Do. Hog, Sorted
Do. Hog, Unsorted
Do. Hog, Yellow
Do. Hog, Black
Do. Hog, White
Do. Hog, Gray

THE OLIO

Variety is the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the New England Galaxy.

Degree of Deathlessness!

"*Fun, Frolic, mirth, Excitement*; third, *Glorious, Quenchless, holy, Immortal!*"

POEMS OF PEGA.

FIRST.

What robs cheek and sparkling e'e
Pierce pale the bosom prominent—
Pernicious ivy of a spree,
That mocks the power of a Frost's'on
He fires the garden to the brim,
Drinks and rolls
The rose in hoary moss-wine,
And his hood veils
He thinks his every thought is wise,
And soon from fresh, becomes

DEPARTED.

As in a rounded house the throng,
Flock to the door as it rose along,
Shrinkin' shoulder, hyte to hyte,
All the ideas by logue weight
Are in a cotton, sodden trought
Like a wet sponge
Jostling, pushing,
Onward nothing,
To, second, no! a other's room confusion;
So one to one of nine hundred
Upon the Exercise Brown's tune,
Though pressed, not forced or crowded, to vote,
You—you're by themselves alone
His words but put himself in pain,
And never a listener to instruct,
For'eth th he rose to the squall'ers
And every word were to declare,
With gesture odd, and screwed head
His mouth was by mind,
Till at all present, 'no nonsense,
That he has reached the order

SECOND.

As difficulties but meets
The impression mind to further daring,
He no longer in the 'oh' to low
Yet will be still continue swearing—
While doctor he pronounces
He announces 'goes to floor'—
Hysterics, the lad who does not think
A name to disobedience should drink,
It pulses his opinion away
In mental vein—'no more'—
'Tis he nose serves in his front glorious,
Lest it—and—'nothing'—

CONSCIOUS.

'Wake Sorrow' 'Haunt' waste, and confusion
Her words, and stretch, and stretch over,
Wasted and worn as sad professors
Have all the human played the devil,
Wordless are wounded, of pleasure hitchers,
Too drunk to speak, no longer sorrow
Her victim self-cured, and a cure out
As to seconds cure Satan.
Until with [illegible] and
He drops hand over

CONSUMED.

Here Tarch pleasure, fled of woe
Behold 'the human, full of time
Lie on his last leg of sigan back
He is de-a-d as a log to-day!

UNCLE MAX.—The angry man—what need has even he to become so, in order to show that he is not angry with his neighbour.

The reverent man—will cannot say a lie because others do.

The soldier—who, for the command—tired of a low dollars, grasps the world liberty to sing him.

The happy—who—without jealousy—wants no wealthy to make him happy.

The jealous man—who possess his own danger and finds cure of it.

The man—who starves himself to death, in order that he may eat.

The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him a liar.

An Irish Delusion of "the Premises."—Blair added a third, "now, didn't the Prime Minister tell you not to say anything about the Premises?" "Sure you are telling about, man dear," said Paddy, rather hurt; "and didn't you tell me yourself to say nothing more, and to hold my tongue. Is that anything?" "Why, you fool," said Blair, "that was the Prime Minister for the time being, but is to be done for the whole empire of Ireland." "Oh, then, I'll be after saying nothing, that's the reason he called the Prime Minister the Premises, sure enough."—*Lover's Legends, &c. of Ireland, Second Series.*

THE PIANO THIRTY.

In a former number we gave a story from a small work translated "French Domestic Tales and Legends of the Isles Fortunate." We should say, as to regard, as a mere heavy specimen of the Work, a story by the author of "Sketches of Life and Character from Peasantry," entitled "After Marriage," but in a much truer sense, as a specimen of the most interesting imaginable consequence is introduced by way of episode.

"Arrah Paul," said one of the party, "will you tell us the story about the time you went to see the fairy [illegible] Paul, "I'll tell you the story, if you like."

Prized be with them tones," said Paul, "they wasn't like now, the cold sort of grumbling one has to look for in the country workhouses. Aw-ough! it's what carried me for some time will enough, and I remember what I'm going to tell of was the time poor old Dame Cooper died in the village. Ah! she was a darlint—regard to her memory—and I can't think of her dying, at all, at all, without crying, for I was more to her than I can know. Sure, every week, when I happened to get a quarter, I used to go down to see her, for it was a dale more kind of her than I could afford, strongly, but still I was a comfort to her, and she was a comfort to me, and I'm sure a thing kindled comfort to the heart, when you're getting laughable convenience is considered by way of episode.

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